

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

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Two-Tone Golf Shoe



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sole in all black or all tan.



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"ALL THE BEST"

EXTENDING greetings for a peaceful and prosperous new year—possibly with emphasis on the peaceful in view of a still agitated world—we include with especial pleasure members of overseas clubs with which this club—greatest of its type south of the line—is affiliated.

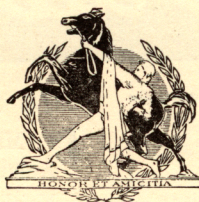
The flavour of our club is known to members of overseas clubs; similarly, many of our members have tasted of the hospitality, the companionship and goodwill of those kindred institutions, divided by oceans but knit to ours by a common code of sportsmanship.

We wrote here, sometime in the old year, that no country held finer ambassadors than its sportsmen; that much of the misunderstanding, bred from distrust, blighting human relationships, would be resolved if the formulary at peace conferences (so called) to set up peaceful approaches to a new world order, were drawn from the code of sportsmanship governing, say, the Olympic Games.

Surely there are no better ambassadors of goodwill, as among peoples, than sportsmen, for they are removed from the machinations of statecraft; they are content to play the game according to the Golden Rule—all that expressed simply in "a fair go."

Without exception, visitors who have come among us from affiliated clubs have proved men of substance. What they find familiar here is no more than the club spirit, a moral formula, more than a written regulation; something which governs conduct generally, and as between one to the other, without the sticking up of placards.

So it is, remembering those things, subscribing to their moral definiteness, and in the love of a common band of brotherhood, we of Tattersall's Club extend the glad hand to our friends of affiliated clubs and wish them "all the best" in 1950.



Established 14th May, 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



Chairman:

JOHN HICKEY

Treasurer:

JOHN A ROLES

Committee:

**F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**A. V. MILLER
G. J. C. MOORE
W. H. SELLEN
DONALD WILSON**

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

AFFILIATED CLUBS :

DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB Denver, U.S.A.
LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO Chicago, Ill.
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles **ATHLETIC CLUB** :—

Pacific Coast Club
Riviera Country Club

OLYMPIC CLUB San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB New York, U.S.A.
TERMINAL CITY CLUB Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

JANUARY

1st P. Kearns	20th W. T. Ridge
3rd K. McKinney	C. V. Dunlop
J. O'Riordan	21st C. F. Viner-Hall
7th J. L. Geraghty	F. E. Ezzy
J. N. Dow	22nd J. Hunter
8th F. G. Spurway	R. M. Kain
9th R. A. Sharpe	23rd A. K. Quist
10th J. A. Chew	26th A. C. Ingham
11th Col. T. L. F.	W. S. Edwards
Rutledge	27th N. Stirling
Howard James	H. T. Matthews
14th W. C. Wurth	28th A. E. Bavinton
16th A. C. W. Hill	29th G. R. W.
17th G. V. Dunwoodie	McDonald
18th F. S. Martin	30th R. H. Alderson
	31st G. H. Beswick

FEBRUARY

1st W. T. Wood	11th L. G. Robinson
2nd E. E. Hirst	13th H. Norton
A. V. Miller	A. J. Matthews
6th C. O. Chambers	W. C. Hildebrandt
T. S. Prescott	
7th Con. Murray	22nd Eric Steel
8th A. J. M. Kelly	25th Geo. Nacard
9th A. E. Cruttenden	28th Sol. Goldhill

Members are invited to notify the Secretary of the date of their birthday.

NEIL McKENNA remembers the day when P. A. Connolly was taken down for a wager—probably the only occasion in his life. At the rear of his mother's hotel at Hungerford, between Bourke and Thargamundah, Paddy was showing a pegged standing jump put up by an athlete passing through. Said a local inhabitant: "Record y'call it. I know two men who could beat that." Paddy made a wager of it, but had to pay when the jump was made by two men, each in turn.

* * *

CYRIL BRICE visited a charity fete before the running of the Christmas Cup at Sydney Turf Club's meeting at Rosehill. Fortune-teller at the fete tipped Snowstream to win the Cup—but Cyril only had £1 on it.

* * *

ERNIE IRELAND is convalescing in St. Luke's Hospital; J. E. Grigsby is out of hospital; so is Bill Foley, who has returned to his home at Jervis Bay; Jack Molloy is in June hospital recovering from a serious road accident; George Price and Reg. Blue are still very ill, unfortunately.

TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT

IS Manuel Ortiz, the boxer, an American or a Hawaiian?

Neither. Although born in California, he is a Mexican, and was the first boxer from that country to become a world champion. Strangely enough, he became a boxer by accident, not design. He went to a tournament with some friends. But one of the fighters didn't turn up and Manuel was persuaded to take his place. After that he decided to make it his career. He turned professional in 1938, and has been world bantamweight champion since 1942, apart from a lapse in 1947 when Harold Dade took it from him for three months.

H. S. (SYD.) CLISSOLD, who died in December, was a director of Canterbury Park Racing Club—acquired by Sydney Turf Club—and a son of Fred Clissold, one of the founders of Canterbury Park Racing Club, which named the Clissold Stakes in his honour.

* * *

HAROLD GARY, one of the principals of Oklahoma, and a widely travelled fellow, says that Tattersall's Club is up with the best of them in a world field.

* * *

E. A. (TED) DAVIS left for the U.S. to visit his married daughter.

* * *

GREETINGS to Sir Sydney Snow and Mr. E. R. Williams on their return from overseas tours.

* * *

FEW people know that one of Hollywood's most prominent actors almost made himself famous in Britain years ago as a gentleman jockey. His name then was Jack Mullane, and after riding to victory in steeplechases all over England he needed only a victory in the celebrated Grand National to make him the Empire's most famous jockey.

But Jack Mullane failed to win that coveted race, and after his defeat he gave up sports to go into the acting world, where eventually he won Moviedom's highest and most coveted honour—an Academy Award. As an actor he's more famous to-day than he ever would have been as a jockey under the name of Ray Milland.

* * *

DEATHS

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since the last issue:—

H. S. CLISSOLD (Country), Elected 25/5/1914, Died 8/12/1949; J. DALVEEN (Bookmaking), Elected, 27/9/1900, Died, 14/12/1949.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES:

House Committee:

John Hickey (Chairman), J. A. Roles (Treasurer), G. Chiene, A. V. Miller, G. J. C. Moore, W. H. Sellen

Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young.

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney, C. E. Young (Vice-Presidents), Committee: C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

Golf Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. Hickey (President), W. Longworth (Vice-President), F. S. Lynch (Captain), Committee: K. F. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; H. (Barney) Fay (Hon. Treasurer), S. Peters (Hon. Secretary).

BOWLING NOTES

DURING the month another game in the Pairs Handicap was decided, the victors being Archie Price and Gordon Booth (7), who defeated Frank Goldberg and Jack Irwin (8) by 25 to 19.

It is hoped to conclude the competition early in the New Year.

On 1st December we played 4 rinks from Pratten Park and after a very enjoyable game and an exciting finish ran out 11 up on our opponents.

Details:—Young, Silk, Read, Barmby (T.), 21, P. Booth, Nicol, Holt, Galbraith (P.P.), 32; Mitchell, Dewdney, Jones, Traversi (T.), 21, Crossing, Chessell, Charles, Whitehead (P.P.), 20; Bavington, Gibbs, Williams, Norton (T.), 21, Dwyer, Tyler, Lammey, Warman (P.P.), 14; Kreiger, Monro, Trainor, McIntosh (T.), 26, Skelton, Edgar, Locke, Blench (P.P.), 13. Totals: Tatts. 90, Pratten Park 79.

Our activities for 1949 finished on 15th December when we entertained 9 rinks from Double Bay Club at a "Thanksgiving" luncheon fol-

CLUB MAN'S DIARY (Continued)

MEMBERS attended a cocktail party in the Club on December 22 at the invitation of the Chairman (Mr. John Hickey) and members of the committee. This occasion was designed expressly to allow of an exchange of greetings among members and to give the Chairman opportunity to deliver a message of goodwill embodying a call to sustain the spirit of tolerance and fair-dealing that had marked old year relationships.

* * *

BILL ALLEN, returned from an overseas tour, said: "I visited many clubs and met many people. All impressed me. But I am satisfied that ours is the club of clubs and that our membership claims those qualities of sportsmanship and good-fellowship which make Tattersall's Club pre-eminent in its sphere."

lowed by a game in the afternoon. Our President, Jack Roles, in a happy and appropriate speech at luncheon, welcomed our guests and thanked the Double Bay Club for the many kindnesses extended to our Club by all the members and the staff during the past year.

Acting President of Double Bay, John Gaden, responded and said he hoped the happy relations existing between our clubs would endure for many years.

To the Greens: and proceedings began with a "Spider," the winners being Tom Dwyer of Tatts. and Colin Walker of Double Bay. The big match then commenced and at afternoon tea the progress scores showed a keen battle raging. Vice-President Charlie Young did the honours for Tatts., and among other things told us he had a date with a lady bowler in Perth in 1952. "His comrades don't believe him."

President Jack Roles then presented the trophies to the winners

of the Spider at the conclusion of which there was a somewhat astounding happening. A real live Santa Claus in full regalia appeared. Santa gave us a brief address in which he eulogised the members of Double Bay and Tatts. for their sporting qualities, which he declared engendered good citizenship and then proceeded to hand a Christmas Box to Double Bay Club. This consisted of a specially constructed progress scoring board, something Double Bay Club really needed. All wondered how Santa guessed. This ceremony over, it was "on with the game," which was keen to the end, our guests eventually winning by the narrow margin of 12. Thus ended another very happy day and we hope to have many more in the coming season.

Details of scores:—Lake, Gibson, Monro, Roles (T.), 20; Drew, Smealey, S. Humphrey, Gaden (D.B.), 34. Goldberg, Abbott, McDonald, Dewdney (T.), 21; Field, Horner, Gordon Walker, Cohen (D.B.), 26. Thomas, Harper, Williams, Eaton (T.), 29; Lamont, Whitford, Selden, Dumbrell (D.B.), 16. Jones, Murray, Read, Kippax (T.), 23; Gledhill, Cowley, S. Coombes, Paull (D.B.), 16. Irwin, Harris, Gibbs, Barmby (T.), 19; Larkin, Alderson, Smyth, Kellaway (D.B.), 32. Young, Pointing, Plasto, Norton (T.), 26; J. Humphrey, Allen, C. Coombes, Mahoney (D.B.), 26. Mitchell, Main, Broadbent, Booth (T.), 25; Kimber, Chandler, Speck, Hall (D.B.), 23. Kreiger, Price, Dwyer, McIntosh (T.), 24; Wadsworth, Black, Fox, Bull (D.B.), 20. Bavington, Basser, Turner, Traversi (T.), 25; C. Walker, Fuller, Baker, Davidson (D.B.), 19.

Totals: Tatts. 206, Double Bay, 218.

To all our members we wish all the best for 1950, and again express to our Honorary Secretary, Gordon Booth, our appreciation of his good work during 1949.

CRIED a woman in a department store: "Honest, it's a sin to buy so much with prices like they are. The way I figure, my husband's paycheque is worth half of what it was eight years ago. So when the salesgirl tells me how much something costs, I just divide it in two in my head. That way, I don't feel so bad."

CLUB DIRECTORY

In order to assist Members, the following information is given:—

Ground Floor :

Mail and Cloak Room
Visitors' Room

1st Floor—Club Room :

Reading and Writing Room
Bar
Telephone Bureaux
Bottle and Grocery Dept.

1st Floor—Mezzanine :

Barber Shop
Shoe Shine
Manicurist

2nd Floor—Card Room :

Bar
Billiards Room
Administrative Offices

3rd Floor—Athletic Dept.:

Swimming Pool
Handball Courts
Gymnasium
Massage Room

3rd Floor—Mezzanine :

Ladies' Powder Room

4th Floor—Lounge Bar :

Coffee Lounge
Dining Room

5th Floor :

Bedrooms

Noted Sire's Amazing Run of Success

Sire of winners of one million pounds! This would seem colossal for any stallion to accomplish but it may be within the realm of possibility if one can judge by extraordinary success being achieved by imported sire, Foxbridge.

SONS and daughters and their descendants have kept this sire's name well to the fore and already have won upwards of £475,000 in stakes. It won't surprise New Zealanders should the Foxbridge progeny send winnings to three quarters of a million before present season closes, and there are several months to run before such takes place. The extra quarter million should later be added because the Foxbridges are still much in the public eye.

From 1941 till 1948 inclusive, Foxbridge headed New Zealand sires' list and again his name is on top for current season with a total exceeding £18,000. In season 1946-47

his progeny won £80,620, a British Empire record for any one year.

Australians know his name well and have not overlooked fact that Melbourne Cup winners Hiraji (1947) and Foxzami (this year), are from daughters of this famous English stallion. He thus played an important part in both Cups as both winners are bred on same cross.

Sleepy Fox, who won races in Australia and many in New Zealand, is one of his best representatives. In 1947-48 season his progeny lifted £76,382 in prizemoney.

Winner in the best company in England, though he was only lightly raced, Foxbridge is interesting to Australians quite apart from fact that several of his stock have raced in this country. His breeding lines show that his dam, Bridgemont, was got by Bridge of Earn from Mountain Mint by Spearmint. His sire, Foxlaw, was a winner of Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ miles, and other staying events to two miles.

A New Zealand authority, making a compilation of stake winning prospects of Foxbridge's progeny, expects a record high (£750,000) by the time this season is completed. St. Simon holds British Empire Record, £553,158.

Now aged 19, Foxbridge looks a young 19 if one can judge by appearances. Quite a few Australian visitors to the Dominion have been lucky enough to get a close up view of this famous stallion.

The Buzzard (imp.) holds the Australian record so far as winning sires are concerned, his total being £350,000. Comedy King's progeny won £317,000. Magpie's £323,000 and Heroic's £295,000.

Foxbridge traces back to Adula, a sister to ever famous Pretty Polly, winner of 22 races, including the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger. Fearless Fox and Shining Night were two of his sons to win races in Australia.

HANDBALL DINNER A GAY AFFAIR

ANNUAL dinner of the Handball Club was presided over by Col. Edwin Penfold, who welcomed the Chairman (Mr. John Hickey) and Mr. Sellen, member of the committee.

Toast of Tattersall's Club was proposed by John Dexter and supported by George McGilvray. Toast to Bill Kendall was drunk on the call of John Buckle.

Trophies were presented to the following: E. E. Davis (A grade), Arthur McCamley (B grade), H. E. Davis (C. grade), Arthur McCamley (Winooka trophy presented by A. J. Matthews, committeeman) Clarrie Woodfield (Arthur McCamley trophy).

After a strenuous period of competitive community singing, Col. Penfold declared the top-table section the winners.

Function was organised by Sammy Block, who had been hon. secretary since 1931 until handing over recently to Peter Lindsay.

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Australian Red Cross Society

(NEW SOUTH WALES DIVISION)

Red Cross House,
27 Jamieson Street,
Sydney.
12th December, 1949

J. Hickey, Esq.,
Chairman, Tattersall's Club,
157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Dear Mr. Hickey,

We have written to the Chairman of the Red Cross Race Meeting (10th September, 1949) officially thanking his Committee for the magnificent contribution of £22,018/3/- received as the result of the Meeting. We would, at the same time, like to express our gratitude to your Club for its generosity in foregoing its Chelmsford Stakes Day in order that a Meeting could be held in aid of the Australian Red Cross Society.

This was a very generous act on the part of your Club and one which has been deeply appreciated by our Society. The great success of the Meeting was, we know, just as gratifying to you, as it was to our Society.

With the Season's Compliments.

Yours faithfully,

Signed: J. F. Clack,

Chairman

YOUR HANDWRITING

ARE you a Large Size Writer? Then you may be a victim of ambition and self-confidence; lack of modesty and tact; and absent-mindedness.

Small Size Writing, on the other hand, can mean accuracy and reliability, intolerance or melancholy.

If you have an artistic mind, you will write slowly — and also if you have the misfortune to be a snob, a dandy, or a swindler. It is the mark of the poseur.

To be cool, calm and collected, you need to write upright. Leaning to the right shows a restless and excitable temperament, lack of discipline and common sense; while "a writer who slants backwards to the left lives in an inner state of isolation . . . All the different types of split personality are indicated by the backward slant."

The distance between the start of your writing and the edge of the paper also gives you away. "If the beginning of the line is very close to the margin it shows a tendency to economy of time and money, and in extreme cases to stinginess."

JOINT TRIBUTE

AN American soldier stationed in the Philippines admired the artfully embroidered handkerchiefs which a native woman made of white parachute silk.

"Will you make two for my girl friends back home?" he asked her.

When she agreed, he wrote down the names of the two girls and gave the slip to her, so there would be no mistake in the inscriptions.

At length the woman delivered the two handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered precisely as ordered. And on each she had carefully worked the inscription: "To Lucy and Imogene."

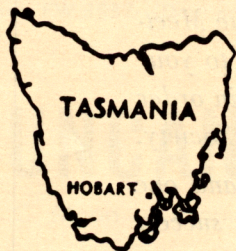
A barber arrived at the shop very late and his boss asked for an explanation. "I was shaving myself," said the barber, "and before I realised it, I talked myself into a haircut and a shampoo."

Delilah, don't taunt me,
Get, Satan, behind me,
But still, if you want me
You know where to find me.

DID you know that Fred Astaire had once played semi-professional baseball . . . or that Alan Ladd was an amateur champion swimmer . . . or that Bob Hope was a joke as a fighter . . . or that Gene Kelly also did some boxing . . . or that Bing Crosby once managed a girls' softball team and to-day owns a large share in the Pittsburgh Pirates . . . or that Guy Lombardo is a record-breaking speedboat racer . . . or that Humphrey Bogart was once a high school track star, and to-day is a first-class sailor . . . or that Joseph Cotton was once a professional football player . . . or that Ingrid Bergman is an expert skier . . . or that Sunny Tufts was a gridiron star at Yale University.

GIRL to man on his knees proposing: "Okay, I'll marry you — but don't come whining to me about it afterward."

If your wife laughs at your jokes,
it means that you have either a good
joke or a good wife.



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CLUB MEMBERSHIP

The Club Membership List was recently opened for a period of one month, and 1,150 applications were received. A ballot was held as to the order in which such applications should be considered. The limit of membership was increased from 2,000 to 2,200, the additional 200 to be admitted from time to time at the discretion of the Committee at the rate of not more than 25 per month. It is proposed to publish in this magazine each month a list of applicants. The following are to be considered in rotation. This is List No. 2.

PROPOSED MEMBER	OCCUPATION	ADDRESS	CLASSIFICATION	PROPOSER	SECONDER
CUSICK, Alton T.	Hotelkeeper	Pymble	City	G. P. Nailon	M. McCarten
ALLOTTA, Philip	Horse Trainer	Sydney	City	Ken Ranger	W. Dalley
LARKIN, Ernest N.	Veterinary Surgeon and Thoroughbred Breeder	Bondi Junction	City	G. A. Christmas	S. G. White
McLEISH, Robert J.	Director	Melbourne, Vic.	Interstate	J. J. Collins	K. F. E. Fidden
PARKER, Robert H.	Stud Breeder and Farmer	Baerami Creek, N.S.W.	Country	C. L. Parker	R. J. Withycombe
CHRISTIE, John A. M.	Chartered Accountant	Sydney	City	K. S. McWilliam	J. W. Breckenridge
FINGLETON, Leslie J.	Public Accountant	Bellevue Hill	City	W. A. McDonald	E. W. Abbott
ROBIN Geoffrey H.	Company Director	Killara	City	M. McCarten	A. Bellingham
CHRISTIE Frederick	Retired Hotelkeeper and Owner	Penshurst	City	Syd Batley	F. C. Belot
DOBSON Alfred	Chief Wool Valuer	Sydney	City	Dr. D. B. Loudon	H. Fay
CALWELL Arthur A.	Minister of State for Infor- mation and Immigration	Flemington, Vic.	Interstate	C. E. Munro	John Armstrong
AUSTIN John G.	City Theatre Manager	Neutral Bay	City	Reg Pollard	I. M. Jacoby
FREDMAN Harold S.	Architect	Bellevue Hill	City	Dr. I. Bull	A. Browning
RINKLER William E.	Theatre Executive (Super- visor)	Waverley	City	E. F. Lane	J. J. Collins
FLAVELL William A.	Managing Director	Ellwood, Victoria	Interstate	R. C. Sim	E. J. Heine
MITCHELL Jack M.	Horse Trainer	Randwick	City	F. C. Williams	J. B. Dowling
ROBSON Ewan M.	Solicitor	Sydney	City	G. Pratten	W. R. Dovey
BOWN William G.	Chartered Accountant	Vauluse	City	Percy Smith	L. G. Williams
PATERSON Allan J.	Company Director	Bondi	City	W. Dittfort	H. S. Ford
DWYER Laurence J.	Investor and Company Director	Sydney	City	C. E. Manion	H. Brett
MOXHAM Charles	Bookmaker	Bourke, N.S.W.	Bookmaking	W. A. McDonald	K. Ranger
FAHY Charles	Company Representative	Haberfield	City	F. G. Underwood	J. Lindsay
CALLAGHAN Daniel J.	Chartered Accountant	Rozelle	City	R. J. Walder	C. A. Vaughan
HAIGH John A.	Mechanic	Kensington	City	L. J. Haigh	A. Bellingham
CALLAGHAN Andrew T.	Manufacturers' Rep'tive	Longueville	City	Dr. T. Barry	K. C. B. Davies
LEACH Thomas	Company Director	Chiswick	City	R. E. Mills	Dr. Bernard Riley
KENNETT, George H.	Medical Practitioner and Thoroughbred Breeder	Goulburn, N.S.W.	Country	L. J. O'Sullivan	D. O. Furner
ALEXANDER David N.	Optometrist	Waverley	City	A. Bloomfield	A. E. Grounds
SHORT, Walter L.	Company Director	Newcastle, N.S.W.	Country	W. W. Ryan	Bert Light
JOLLEY, Francis N.	Independent Means	Double Bay	City	S. E. Chatterton	Frank B. Paul
ARMSTRONG, Patrick V.	Hotelkeeper	Randwick	City	N. E. Manion	John Armstrong
SHEATH, Clifford C.	Company Director	Sydney	City	J. Harris	A. Wolfensberger
BAYLEY, John E.	Leather Manufacturer	Coogee	City	M. Nimenski	Thos. Cook
YATES, A. S.	Master Tanner	Killara	City	A. H. Stocks	I. St. Claire
SODERSTEN, Erik M.	Architect	Sydney	City	Emil Sodersten	L. K. Douglas
WHEELER, Norman	Manager	Coogee	City	H. S. Ford	W. T. Kerr
MAYO, Albert W.	Independent	Randwick	City	R. P. Warden	K. F. Williams
CHRISTIE, George	Director	Edgecliff	City	Harry Buttel	D. Macgregor
EASTMENT, Geoffrey A.	Master Builder	Bexley North	City	C. H. Eastment	T. Keith Smith
PERSSON, Maurice E.	American Lawyer	Potts Point	City	J. P. Bowles	J. Harris
GRAHAM, Ernest G.	Chairman of Directors	Point Piper	City	L. R. Hewitt	S. E. Chatterton
WILLSON, John T.	Dental Surgeon	Burwood	City	J. A. Driscoll	J. T. Jennings
BOYDELL, Richard M.	Grazier and Company Director	Woodville, N.S.W.	Country	H. R. Bowden	A. G. Connolly
O'DONNELL, Joseph	Accountant	Sydney	City	F. E. Headlam	Wm. Hannan
WIMBLE, George B.	Company Director	Sydney	City	W. Bailey Gilbert	G. G. Bretnall
DONOHUE, Charles J.	Company Manager	Dover Heights	City	J. H. Peoples	J. L. Hughes
DAVIS, Neville J.	Medical Practitioner	Sydney	City	E. J. Coyle	L. J. Haigh
McINTOSH, Leslie W.	Grazier	Moree, N.S.W.	Country	S. Longworth	J. A. Long
MANHOOD, Leo. M. H.	Boot Manufacturer	Arncliffe	City	A. W. Jones	C. E. Fortescue
KEARINS, Michael J.	Retired	Bellevue Hill	City	J. B. Dowling	H. Jenkins
TIDMARSH, Leslie I.	Bookmaker	Killara	Bookmaking	E. W. Vandenberg	Sam Peters
SWEENEY, Leslie J.	Stock and Share Broker	Sydney	City	E. K. White	F. G. Underwood
WAYLAND, Tom M.	Company Director	Sydney	City	Wm. Patterson	D. Macgregor
COOKE, Thomas E.	Builder and Investor	Enfield	City	A. C. Gelling	C. Summerhayes
O'BRIEN, Francis J.	Hotelkeeper and Company Director	Canterbury	City	M. R. Pooley	W. C. Brooks
HICKS, Charles H.	Director	Cremorne	City	D. K. McDonald	W. W. Ryan
BAULMAN, Edmund J.	Dental Surgeon	Waverley	City	N. P. Murphy	M. A. Doyle
ROPER, Conrad W.	Bank Manager	Roseville	City	P. J. G. McGrath	E. J. Hazell
ABRAHAM, Joshua M.	Company Director and Mfr.	Rose Bay	City	Lionel Abrahams	M. E. Farley
HOLDEN, Thomas S.	Judge	Strathfield	City	C. E. Martin	Judge Clancy

"Peeping Toms" of the Racecourses

Practically every Australian racecourse has its "Peeping Tom" or two—men who mostly clock gallops for their own benefit, though some make money from these early try-outs by passing information on to interested parties.

THESE unofficial dawn to after breakfast watchers never miss a gallop though at times they find it difficult to identify the horse working. This was proved some months ago at a Sydney suburban course where a supposed shrewd trainer did his best to beat the "peeping-tom." The trainer was a bit of a sport as well as being hopeful of putting one over the man whom he knew would be timing his horses in their late gallops.

To try and dodge this individual, the trainer whitewashed one of his horse's legs from the fetlocks down and gave it a temporary blaze, but the weather was warm and the scheme wasn't as successful as hoped. The trainer also altered his own clothing, sporting a brilliantly coloured blazer and an old straw hat, but when he emerged from the racetrack, the "peeping-tom" was at the float or close enough to it to make sure the horse he had timed was the one he hoped it might be. It was. The trainer's plan was a washout as was the whitewash idea. The morning's heat and the gallop on top of it had settled his plans. However, he didn't produce the track burner until a more favourable occasion and it duly won at a fairly good price. After all, he proved cleverer of the two men.

In the absence of regular newspaper clockers these unofficial time-keepers pick up some useful information. Actually the trainer who doesn't give a continental who sees or clocks his gallop is best off because men who look over the fences

and time trials after the breakfast session make the horse gallop fast, perhaps much faster than correct time. Even within a few paces from the finishing line mistakes can be made far less than from over fences a couple of furlongs or more away.

There are many ways of making money from horseracing and this one often provides quite a bit of capital for the early risers, even official clockers. Times are printed in newspapers and no matter how correct they be—they are right—it is the clocker who can best sum up a galloper's prospects following a fast test, that is apart from the trainer and jockey who rode the horse.

It is amusing to watch the subterfuges adopted by those not permitted to enter racetracks and clock the work. Most of them take up a pre-arranged position on a hill, even on top rung of a ladder overlooking the track. Equipped with binoculars they cannot mistake the various furlong posts and if they know the horse working the rest is easy because all watches record same time.

It's really only a matter of being pretty certain about the angles from each furlong.

Most official clockers are positioned adjacent to the judge's box and they rarely make errors in time. Occasionally a trainer disputes a gallop but at most there is only a fraction of a second variation. There couldn't be much more unless watches were faulty.

The "peeping-tom" is in his element immediately the newspaper clocker departs for his office. He then has the field to himself, but no one has heard of these gentry making enough money to retire early in life. Most of them pick the wrong horses on race day or find that the

late galloper was not as good as he appeared when doing his final try-out.

It may be asked how the men outside the course identify the horses. It is all a matter of getting to know them from regular attendance. Such knowledge has also to be acquired by newspaper clockers. Particular features of a horse are noted quite apart from its colour. Some have a striking blaze, four white feet, perhaps two white hind legs, or one white foreleg, etc., while the presence of the trainer at the gallop also helps. Most mentors help pressmen who may be in doubt about a horse's name.

To regulars inside the suburban tracks it is amusing to watch the antics of the "peeping-tom's." One minute they are nowhere to be seen but when a horse steps out to gallop they suddenly dart from a secluded spot, or from behind a tree, shed, or even from a sand hole, and there are plenty of these close to Rosebery racecourse. It is long odds on them getting the galloping time right, or so close to it that the fraction matters little. They naturally make most of the early morning rise from bed. It is their presence which often makes it difficult for a trainer to try and get a much longer price than anticipated on race day.

It pays dividends to gallop horses in the presence of newspaper clockers and any other track regulars because most horses round which there is a certain amount of mystery, so far as galloping is concerned, generally finish down the course on race day.

Some of the more experienced "peeping-tom's" have been known to trail horse-floats by engaging a taxi or using their own car once a trainer leaves his regular galloping ground for another track. Of course, some of them are led a "wild-goose" chase as trainers often give horses a slow work-out at a different course because such procedure is good for the team member.

The "peeping-tom's" make as many mistakes as others but after all they are at most an inoffensive and unassuming group naturally out to do the best for themselves; which doesn't surprise in racing.

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Big versus Small Racehorses

TAKEN by and large, most enthusiasts believe the odds are against the big-framed galloper. Naturally, as in all phases and branches of sport, there are exceptions to what is not a rule, but a generally accepted belief.

For instance, those who hold opinion that the big horse is, invariably, superior to his smaller rival, will not hesitate to quote Phar Lap, greatest of them all, and High Caste, another top-ranking winner of massive proportions. They would be two outstanding cases, but one has to take the overall viewpoint when this subject is under discussion.

Enthusiasts on the side of the small horse are not slow to mention The Trump as one of the best of the really "small" horses. He was capable of winning both the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups but, of course, didn't have too much weight to carry.

Others cited Poitrel, though he wasn't exactly what could be termed a "small" horse. All the same he wasn't a "big" one, far from it. When measured alongside some of rivals of his day, particularly Kennaquhair, there seemed a striking difference, but, of course, Kennaquhair was one of the biggest horses to have graced the Australian turf.

From time to time "giant" racehorses in stature have raced on Australian race-tracks but not many of them. Whether the odds are against such animals is a moot point, one frequently discussed by keen club members, especially by veterans who have seen racing down the years.

A heavily topped racehorse would seem to be at some disadvantage when pitted against a smaller rival, but the old story that a big horse can manage heavyweights better than one much lighter framed doesn't always work out in racing. As in other fields of sport where weight carrying is an essential factor, correct balance is of major consideration. Weight must be evenly distributed.

Height also plays some part. Most of the really successful high-class performers in this country have been of medium build and height which tends to prove that the heavily-topped galloper is often disadvantaged by its bulk.

There was discussion in Poitrel's day that the chestnut was on the small side. Alongside Kennaquhair and a few other tall horses he may have looked that way, but appearances often are deceptive. Poitrel measured 15.3 (medium height),

about the same as Gloaming. Poitrel won the Melbourne Cup with 10 st. so he had to possess a strong constitution to win Australia's most important event with such welter impost.

Kennaquhair won a Sydney Cup and A.J.C. Metropolitan, former under 9.5 and in which he beat Poitrel, 9.9. Luck appeared against the latter in that staying event, but one couldn't take it away from rider of Kennaquhair for he literally stole the race. It was smart horsemanship.

Heroic and Woorak were medium builds but Hall Mark was on the smaller side, though not in The Trump's class on point of stature. The Trump was probably on his own so far as top-class "small" horses was concerned, that is, in recent times.

Just the opposite was Phar Lap, greatest stakes winner in Australia. Phar Lap stood 17.1 and had tremendous driving power. High Caste was biggest of latter day top-ranking gallopers. He won 35 races over all distances from five furlongs to 1½ miles. He was 16.2 high. Ajax was 16.1 and Bernborough, 17.0½.

Manfred, sire of The Trump, was of medium height but easy on the eyes. It seemed strange to find his son a small horse, but then again, several Manfreds raced at Sydney pony meetings.



At left: Phar Lap
17 hands 1 inch.
Below: Gloaming
15 hands 3 inches.



IT WENT TO HIS HEAD

Saturday Night At The Diamond Horseshoe—Billy Rose pictures the scene and recounts events.

"YOUR hat," I said to Mike Romano.

"What's the matter with it?" asked my favourite detective.

"Nothing," I said. "Looks like any other hat. Only trouble is, it's on. What's the matter, Mike? Been seeing too many movies?"

Romano balanced 2,000 calories of cherry cheesecake on his fork. "Those Hollywood so-and-so's are beginning to wise up a little," he said. "I saw a picture last night where the boys from Homicide were all hard-working gents in neat blue serges. And none of that corny name-calling like —."

"Flatfoot?" I suggested innocently.

The crack hit Mike where he walks. He whipped a picture out of his inside coat pocket. "Take a look at this," he said. "Did you ever see a more beautiful pair of arches?"

The picture was an X-ray of Mike's size 12's.

"Not exactly pin-up stuff," I said,

"but not bad. What has this got to do with your wearing a snap-brim in a restaurant?"

"The hat," said Mike, "is on account of a smallish gent named Pinkie Hinkle. Until recently he ran a barber shop over in the East 50's. At least that's what the sign on the window said. But his real racket was taking bets on horses.

"This Pinkie was a pretty cute citizen. For years the police department wasn't able to pin so much as a Herbert Hoover button on him. Every so often the inspector had him down to headquarters for a chat, but whenever the conversation got around to horses, Pinkie made with the question-mark eyes.

"He said all he knew about the critters was what he once had read in a Milkman's Journal.

"Last month the Commissioner himself put me on the case. Pinkie didn't figure to know me because I've been over on the West Side."

I signalled the waiter to bring the detective another portion of the life-giving cheesecake. "How did you get the bookie to talk?" I asked. "With those brains in your biceps?"

Romano looked hurt. "You ought to know me better than that," he said. "With me it's finesse instead of fury.

"I had Pinkie picked up and brought down to the station-house for questioning. No rough stuff, mind you. The boys just teased him a little and wasted a lot of his time.

"After they released him I sent Charlie Jackson of Homicide over to his shop to heckle him some more. When Charlie was through the little shaver was ready to climb his own barber pole. Little shaver — barber — get it?"

"Sure I get it," I said, "you flat—."

Mike cut in quickly. "An hour after Charlie left, I walked in. 'Trim,' I told Pinkie. 'And no clippers.'

"There was a policeman standing on the other side of the street. 'Turn my chair around,' I said to Pinkie, 'so I don't have to look at that Cos-sack.'

"By the time he got around to shaving the back of my neck, I had the whole layout. A minute later he gave me a tip on a race and let me bet a sawbuck to win. I signalled the cop across the street and made the pinch."

"Cute story," I said, "but you've left out the non-detachable hat."

"I was coming to that," sighed Mike. "For the first time in years, my timing was off. I had made the pinch **before** Pinkie Hinkle finished combing my hair. The barber refused to let me out of the chair. He said he might be a bookie, but he was still a darned good barber. Nobody was going to walk out of his shop looking like Albert Einstein.

"I said, 'Okay, Pinkie. Slap some stickum on but hurry it up.'

"Well, he slapped something on, all right."

"What was it?" I asked.

"You tell me," said Mike, removing his hat.

His hair was as blue as a Mediterranean sky.

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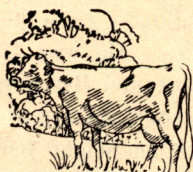
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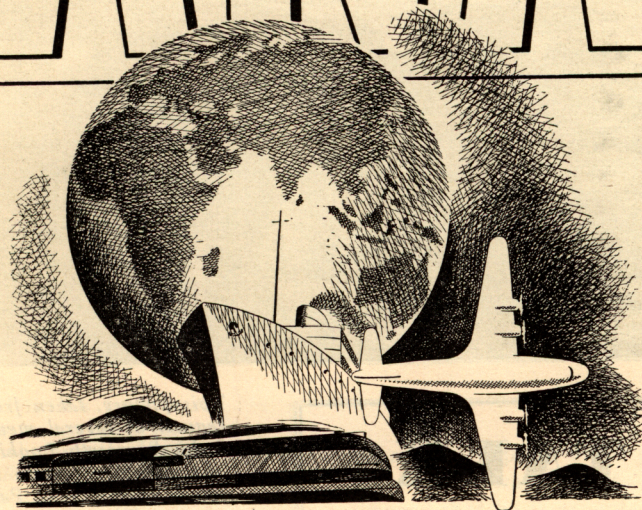


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HOW THEY DRINK

THE American can outdrink the Englishman. But no man gets as much enjoyment from his drinking as an Englishman. British wine expert and company director, John Finney, announced these findings after a survey of New York's taverns. Of the American he said: "I look on open-mouthed at his drinking ability and the little effect it seems to have."

"He drinks a flock of Martinis before dinner and the hors d'oeuvres merely warn his stomach of more liquor to follow."

Of the Englishman: "In the first place, no Englishman ever goes in for a quick one. When he enters a public-house he expects to make an evening of it. He remains dignified and happy. He mellows into 'The more we are together the merrier we will be'."

The basic difference: "A half-crocked Englishman will do anything to preserve his dignity, an American anything to break his down."

THE HAPPY HUSBAND

SOME years ago, unknown to my husband, I sent an account of our love story to a Sunday newspaper competition. No one was more surprised than I at winning it and having it published.

My husband, who really was the perfect husband, was chaffed unmercifully by his mates at work and in the local. He was nicknamed "The Happy Husband."

I revelled in the publicity. I did not mind letting the world know how happy I was. My husband hated it all. From that day he changed.

From being the perfect example of a happily married couple, as the headlines had it, we are drifting apart—rapidly.

Why should my husband have resented it so? Couldn't he have been proud of my success in winning the competition?

—Letter in London "Daily Mail."

AN Indian chief was recently introducing himself and his family to some visitors. "My name Brave Eagle," he began. "This is my son, Fighting Fox. And this"—pointing to a young man in his twenties—"is Low Wing Bomber."



MAYBE YOU TALK TOO MUCH

THE chances are that you, like almost everybody else, do talk too much. Maybe you're lucky and it hasn't got you into trouble — yet. But it can. Because people who talk too much are seldom aware of the fact that they do. And they are even less aware of what too much talking can do.

Helen Hyde is the Employment Manager of Macy's, one of the biggest stores in the world. She's in charge of the interviewing of all job applicants — there were 50,000 in the first six months of 1948. So Miss Hyde, who has spent 20 years building an understanding of people and a desire to help them, is a qualified expert.

"Most people who apply for a job," says Miss Hyde, "are nervous. That's quite normal. And they're usually more nervous at the beginning of an interview than they are at the close. It's the way an interview ends that's important, rather than how it begins.

"But, unfortunately, there are too many people who talk too much.

"The person who has to keep talking in order to impress you has not organised what he or she wants to say. He keeps thinking he must give me his whole life history — rather than telling me what is pertinent to the job. These people I do not usually hire."

It's important to know when an interview is at an end. If, instead of leaving promptly when you've told your story, you keep on talking, you antagonise your interviewer. Miss Hyde reports that she has even been forced to accompany job applicants to the lift in order to terminate interviews. "Those," she says, "were people who talked themselves right out of jobs."

Another type talks too much because he's over-anxious. Over-anxiety may cause an employer to feel he can't risk employing you. Miss Hyde recalled one applicant for a job as a floor-manager. "We liked

him and, after the interview, we said we'd call him.

"Next day, the man called back, asked if a decision had been made. One of the interviewers told him, 'Not yet. But we expect to make one within a week and we'll definitely call you, one way or the other, to let you know.' The applicant called on the second day, again on the third day. We explained that it wasn't our fault, but that an entire budget was being considered and that we'd not be able to make a decision for a few days yet. He became abusive and accused the interviewer of giving him the runaround.

"Well, if he felt that way, the best thing for him to have done was to have sent a note, explaining he felt anxious about the job, hoped he'd be employed—and let it go at that. If he was getting the runaround, no amount of talking would help. If

This picture, taken from the roof top of request of several members. The vast expanse of Sydney's growth. Looking from left to right and sweeps round to the chimney stacks sweep round Hyde Park toward the Queen's course. The story was told in this magazine straight they careered down in front of Soldiers' Memorial before straightening opposite the



... is being reproduced in this issue at the country taken in gives an excellent idea of takes in Bradley's Head, down the Harbour, y's industrial area. Readers will note the e which marks the original Sydney Race- time back. After the horses had left the 's Cathedral to a point just short of the e finishing line which was approximately ite of our Club

he wasn't, then everything he said could do nothing but harm—which is what it did do."

Now that you think back on it, does any of this sound familiar to you? Did you ever fail to get a job because you violated Miss Hyde's four basic rules?

1. Organise what you have to say.
2. Talk only about what is pertinent to the job.
3. Know when an interview is over. Don't try to keep reselling yourself.
4. Don't be over-anxious. Try to have confidence in yourself and the person interviewing you.

Miss Hyde has one more vital observation which should surprise you if you're a believer in a favourite old platitude. More men than women, she says, have cost themselves jobs by talking too much.

in order to impress other people. The man who always wants to be reassured that he is accepted and liked is a bad man to trust with a secret. He'll spill it just to build himself up—to prove that he's in the know, or that he's trusted more than somebody else.

Most dangerous cause of over-talking is aggression—when talk is used as an outlet for hate or envy or imaginary injustices. This is the type you can recognise as the individual who has a violent opinion on every subject, who criticises everything and everybody, who uses words as a gangster uses a machine gun.

How can you tell if you're talking too much. Here are some danger signals you should watch for:

1. In carrying on a casual conversation, you suddenly discover you've been so busy planning your next remark that you've lost all track of what the other person is saying.
2. You are being interviewed, and your interviewer makes several attempts to interrupt you before you've finished everything you want to say.
3. You're talking on the tele-

phone, and your friend gives a transparent excuse for breaking off the conversation.

4. Checking yourself, you find the word "I" is popping up in your small talk with considerable frequency.

5. The subject of conversation is one you know nothing about, but you don't hesitate to chime right in with your views as if you were an expert.

6. You've made a minor error in your work. Instead of accepting the blame and letting it go at that, you explain and justify your mistake at great length.

Bank teller to man at window: "Sorry sir, but your wife beat you to the draw."

* * *

"Doctor, I'm putting on weight in a few places. What shall I do?"

"Stay away from those places."

* * *

At a party two women had just been introduced to each other. "Oh, yes," said one sweetly. "We met last year at the Vanderbucks—I can't remember your name, but I never forget a dress."

INTERSTATE CRICKET

Ends in a Tie

Our Club XI takes on Brisbane Tattersall's Club Backseaters — a game in which the demon bowler, Hospitality, played no mean part.

WE quote from a Brisbane sporting newspaper this record of what went on:

Sydney Tattersall's Cricket Club has been entertained right royally by the Brisbane Tattersall's Backseaters since arrival on Tuesday Nov. 22). Met at the 'plane, they were driven to Tattersall's and given an official welcome.

This is not teeth coming together on a choice confectionery; this is the story of a cricket game, Sydney Tattersall's v. Brisbane Tattersall's Backseaters. The game was played at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday (Nov. 23). Result: A draw in a time match, 174 runs each.

Tattersall's Backseaters' cricket team is a credit to the club whose name it bears. It has been to the fore for many years supporting vari-

ous public institutions in many spheres.

The Club journeyed to Sydney last year and played Sydney Tattersall's. The proceeds of that game and subscriptions amounted to £527/8/3, which was donated to the Spastic Centre. In turn, Sydney Tattersall's journeyed to Brisbane this week at their own expense and played Tattersall's Backseaters, the proceeds devoted to the Queensland children's various institutions.

They were delighted with the game on Wednesday, and were thrilled with the Geoff. Edwards touch, of Miss Queensland bowling the first ball and opening the match.

Odds were requested about Miss Queensland eventually becoming Miss Australia, but she was at a very short price.

The beautiful Queensland weather "had them all in." The 'plane trip was pleasant. Fred Vockler (the chief) is no airman. He did not like the bumps—he offered the pilot £100 to land. It got a little worse and he kicked it up to £500. Fred made the offer in his typical "whispering baritone" voice.

Late on Tuesday night (very late), the team was settled in their quarters. Dawn came much too soon. "Bluey" Wells rung Tom "Longshot" Powell to come for an early morning swim. "It's a quarter to 7," called "Bluey" over the 'phone. "I know," replied Tom. "I've got a watch, too!" and went back to sleep.

Ken Williams was the cheer dispenser throughout the day. The climate agrees with Ken, or does it? Ask him at the races on Saturday.

Fred Empson was the "bite" throughout the trip. Fred had charge of the collection for the Brisbane Children's Associations. He is without a heart — nobody escaped. He should be in the Taxation Department.

Joe Harris, of Spear Chief fame, and the first owner of that great horse, High Rank, was, by popular choice, captain of the side. Most unassuming, Joe revealed great sportsmanship, going in last to bat.

Ernie Vandenberg, spick and span as ever, was on the ball as manager. Debonair Jack Shaw, the bookmaker orator, flashed his teeth in a typical Shaw smile when he went to hook a straight ball and was out.

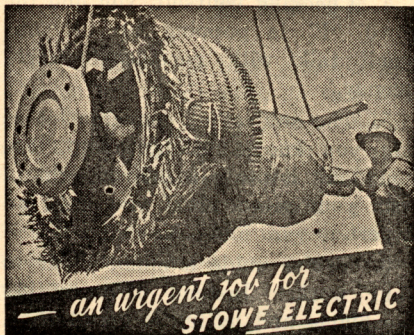
"Podgy" Norton was unlucky to stop one on the hand two minutes after he went in. W. H. McLachlan, jnr., whose dad rode for the King, and Arnold Tancred, manager of the last Wallabies, was full of praise for the cricket ground as a football field. Jack Large likes the place and is sure to come back. M. Watson and A. McCamley have at least Sheffield Shield hopes since the game.

Bill McDonald (of Winooka fame) — lonely without a gun — backed himself to get four. Went for a mighty hit. The fielder missed a catch and the ball trundled to within an inch of the pickets.

Bill roared, "That's how much Lady Linden beat Winooka by in the Newmarket."

Mel Watson's effort caused "Bluey" Wells to say, "What has Miller got that Mel hasn't?"

(Continued Next Column)



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R. Mayo and N. Hough are now Queensland converts. No team is complete without a baggage chief. Jack Pick—a few more grey hairs—was the popular pick. He had a bit of confusion at one part of it and called to the crowd, "Come and take your 'Pick'!"

They were a grand crowd entertained by a grand crowd.

Geoff. Edwards proved himself a Mandrake—was everywhere. The lunch at the game was super, provided by Mrs. McLeod's catering. It called for high praise.

Harry Hood was active all day at the game with his camera. Skipper Frank Young was not a bit disturbed when it was one for 60-odd against Brisbane. Frank, himself, struck a nice length and bowled really well. George Warlow had a mighty bowling stretch—was unlucky to drop two off his own bowling, but got a couple later. Reg. Siganto bowled and batted well—was run out when he appeared set for a great innings. Mick Crockett was the hero of the day. He bowled like a champion and was getting fours aplenty. He was run out after top-scoring.

The visit generally was great. The visitors were entertained at dinner at Tattersall's and the harbour trip to Dunwich was a highlight.

Have you seen our harbour? was answered by, have a look at our bay.

The team leaves by 'plane at 4 o'clock to-day. All will be "on deck" at the races on Saturday. We again say, "Thank you!" to this fine band of sportsmen for their visit to us. They helped in a very laudable object and felt happy doing it.

Our own Backseaters were ideal hosts and must take a bow for faultless organisation.

Frank Young and George Warlow have had many a battle with figures, but none so hefty as that 174. They made the runs to dead-heat in the last over of the day—a fitting ending to a great game. They must meet again.

Scores

Sydney Tattersall's — First Innings: M. Watson, b. Young, 62; W. McLachlan, b. Warlow, 10; A. McCamley, c. Warlow, b. Siganto, 63;

HANDBALL NOTES

THE big item of interest for handballers centred around the Handball Club's Annual Dinner, which was held in the Dining Room on the 4th floor on Tuesday, November 29.

A most successful night was held with an attendance of about 50 members of the Handball and Swimming Clubs presided over by our genial friend, Edwin Penfold.

Mr. John Hickey, Chairman of our Club, and Mr. Bill Sellen, one of the members of the Committee, were present as guests and were given a very warm welcome by the President.

It was pleasant to see such old stalwarts as Sammy Block, Alf Bloomfield, John Dexter, Ivor Stanford and Arthur Stocks present.

Alf Bloomfield's speech, in which he traced the beginning of the handball section of the Club back to its inception at the Sydney Domain Baths, was very interesting.

The presentation of prizes to the winners of the various competitions was made by our Chairman, Mr. Hickey.

Winners of trophies were:—E. E. Davis, "Goldie" Trophy for "A"

A. Norton, c. Warlow, b. Siganto, 1; R. Mayo, c. Edwards, b. Warlow, 5; N. Hough, l.b.w., b. McPherson, 0; A. Tanered, c. McPherson, b. Crockett, 10; J. Large, b. Siganto, 13; J. A. Shaw, b. Crockett, 2; W. A. McDonald, c. Siganto, b. Crockett, 2; J. Harris, not out, 0; sundries, 6; total, 174. Bowling: G. Warlow, 2/62; R. Siganto, 3/40; F. Young, 1/30; M. Crockett, 3/27; F. McPherson, 1/9.

Brisbane Tattersall's — First Innings: M. Crockett, run out, 37; C. Morgan, b. Large, 30; R. Siganto, run out 19; T. Cullinan, b. Hough, 4; P. Edwards, l.b.w., b. McCamley, 1; E. Burke, l.b.w., b. McCamley, 36; F. McPherson, c. McLachlan b. McCamley, 36; G. Warlow, not out, 4; D. Irvine, b. Hough, 0; J. Muller, b. Hough, 2; F. Young, not out, 4; sundries, 1; total, 174. Bowling: A. McCamley, 3/55; W. McDonald, 0/32; W. H. McLachlan, 0/15; N. Hough, 3/23; A. Tanered, 0/21; J. Large, 1/27.

Grade Champion; A. McCamley, "Davis" Trophy for "B" Grade Champion; H. E. Davis, "Keating" Trophy for "C" Grade Champion; P. Lindsay, "Winooka" Trophy for Handicap series; C. Woodfield, "McCamley" Trophy for Knock-Out Handicap; G. McGilvray, runner-up, "A" Grade Championship; Edwin Penfold, runner-up, "B" Grade Championship; George Goldie, runner-up, "C" Grade Championship; J. Shaffran, runner-up, "Winooka" Trophy; Bruce Partridge, best average; J. O. Dexter and E. C. Thompson, most improved players.

The most important trophy was a presentation to Handball Club President, Edwin Penfold, to musical honours of a work of art reminiscent of younger days.

After this the boys gathered around the piano and with the assistance of our entertainers, proceeded to sing songs and enjoy themselves.

On a finishing note we feel that a vote of thanks is due to the organisers of this delightful evening and full marks go to our Secretary, Mr. Peter Lindsay, who was ably assisted by Sammy Block and to the Staff in the Dining Room who were magnificent—and without their co-operation the evening would not have been so successful. A good night's entertainment and thanks to everyone.

VEGETABLE BEAUTY

FROM Paris comes news of the resurrection of the Salad Beauty Treatment. Iza Vally, one-time ballet dancer, says he worked out the details of this salad "facial" during the German occupation, when no face creams were available.

Nine or ten fruits and vegetables are sliced and laid on the face. Then a white cotton mask is tied on to keep the "dressing" in place for about twenty minutes. The skin, meanwhile, absorbs the juices.

Among the ingredients used are slices of potato — to whiten the eyelids; lemon on the nose and chin — to remove all traces of grease; carrot—nourishing for wrinkles on the upper lip; and cucumber on the cheeks. Ladies, what you need is an allotment!

HONOURS TO OUR SWIMMERS

Phillips and Carlile on Empire Games Team

ALL the honours round the place went to Bill Phillips in December as he brought off the treble.

First he was elected Hon. Secretary-Treasurer of the Australian Swimming Union for the umpteenth time and then he was selected as Manager of the Australian Water Polo team to compete at the Empire Games in Auckland in February.

Thirdly, he put over a sensational finish to win the Club's November-December Point Score, his first Club win.

Peter Gunton looked a certainty to land the point score and the only way he could lose was to be unplaced in the last final of the series and for Phillips to win.

That's just what happened as Phillips' partner in the Brace Relay, Harry Davis finished like a flash to grasp a win from Pete Hunter.

Nor was Bill Phillips the only Club member to gain honours during the month as Forbes Carlile was selected as coach to the Australian Swimming Team for the Empire Games.

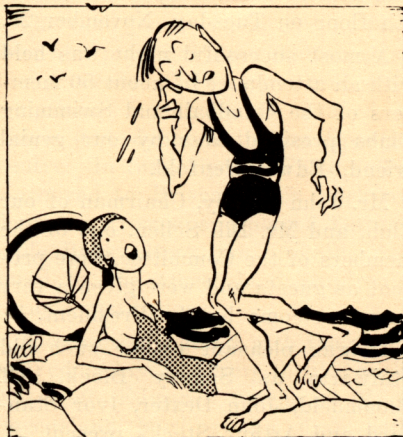
Good luck to them both!

During the month, popular supporter of the Swimming Club, Bill Kirwan, saddled up for a race and put up a good performance with Bill Dovey as partner to swim second in a Brace Relay heat. Bill's form was really good.

A notable entrant for the first time was Forbes Carlile, who was Coach to the Australian Swimming Team at the London Olympic Games. Forbes has had a couple of swims for that number of seconds in heats but he must have impressed Handicapper Jack Gunton as he pulled him back a second after his first race.

The two Georges, McGilvray and Christmas, put in welcome reappearances and showed that they had not slipped back during their absence from the racing.

Bob Adams has been bowing his head in shame over the fact that he



was the first man this season disqualified for going before his time. Never mind, Bob, they all do it some time or other and some are lucky to find the Check Starter in a generous mood.

The Pool resounded to the cheers that greeted a win by George Goldie in a 40 yards final. Certainly he only halved the win with Jack Shaffran but the cheers weren't halved.

Incidentally, Jack has been throwing out his chest a lot lately over the

fact that his son was selected to represent N.S.W. in the Australian Diving Championships. Saw him in action the other day and he's real class.

29th November — 80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap: P. Gunton and V. Richards (47), 1; M. Fuller and H. E. Davis (44), 2; S. Murray and B. Chiene (47), 3. Time 44-3/5 secs.

6th December — 40 Yards Handicap: 1st Division: P. Gunton (25), 1; V. Richards (22), 2; C. Phillips (20), 3. Time 22-4/5 secs. 2nd Division: G. Goldie (34) and J. Shaffran (24), 1; M. Sellen (21), 3. Times 32-1/5 and 22-1/5 secs.

13th December—80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap: H. E. Davis and W. B. Phillips (45), 1; M. Fuller and K. Hunter (45), 2; A. McCamley and S. Murray (52), 3. Time 43½ secs.

November-December Point Score

This series resulted:—W. Phillips, 24, 1; P. Gunton, 23½, 2; V. Richards, 23, 3; H. E. Davis, 22, 4; M. Fuller, 21, 5; S. B. Solomon, 20, 6; J. Shaffran, 19½, 7; G. Goldie, 18, 8; S. Murray, 17½, 9; C. B. Phillips, 17, 10; J. O. Dexter, 16½, 11; M. Sellen, 16, 12; Neil Barrell, 15½, 13; W. Williams, 15, 14; S. Lorking and C. Hoole, 14½, 15.



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ROUNDAABOUT *of* SPORT

HOW former Australian, Stanley Doust, saw the Wimbledon final: Ted Schroeder, the refrigeration engineer from Los Angeles, who has been the favourite since it was known he was to play, won the singles championship when he beat Jaroslav Drobny, the bespectacled left-handed Czech by 3-6, 6-0, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4. There were practically no rallies. It was a case of serving, volleying, and either missing or winning. The longest rally occurred in the fourth set, and consisted of five shots, lobs, smashes, and retrieving. Schroeder won because he was the fitter man, and as such he was able to get close in to volley, whereas Drobny, after a brilliant first set, in which he served numerous aces, tired towards the end and only occasionally tried to ace Schroeder.

He was slower to get to the net than Schroeder and had to half-volley the American's return of the service, whereas Schroeder was right on top of the net to volley down to the unapproachable places.

* * *

LADY Bradman, mother of two children, fell in love with Don Bradman over the garden fence. In those days he was playing cricket with the branch of a gum tree for a bat and an old kerosene tin for wicket. They were married in 1932 when Bradman was 24 and his wife 23. There was even a cricketing honeymoon. They spent it touring Canada with Arthur Mailey's team. Mrs. Bradman was the only woman and the team's hostess. Bradman calls his dark-haired, blue-eyed wife: "My best critic and my best friend."

* * *

HARRY WILLIAMS, Fulham (England) Soccer referee, carried a pedometer during the Torquay-Coventry Cup-tie and found he travelled ten-and-a-half miles. This means that Soccer has speeded up. In 1938 another referee found his average distance in league matches was between six-and-a-half and seven-and-a-half miles. Mr. William's wife might be surprised if she carried a pedometer about the house.

One woman found she travelled fifteen miles without going out. Her husband could hardly believe it.

Recently Dickie Flicker carried a pedometer during his world snooker endurance of 45 hours 27 minutes. He walked 24 miles, 400 yards in playing 137 frames. An ice hockey referee probably covers about seven miles.

* * *

IT is possible to go to the races in Singapore, sit down in shelter, have literally a grandstand view of the race and not have to move more than ten yards from your seat to place or collect bets. The only stand is two tiers high with betting and pay out windows on each floor. A covered way runs from the car-park to the grandstand and wet weather in Singapore has very little effect on the day's takings which run into the hundred thousand pounds mark.

All legitimate betting is done through the totalisator. Cash sweeps to the value of hundreds of pounds are drawn on every race and a sweep which is called the "Big Sweep," with a first prize of nearly £8,000, normally divided up into several draws, is drawn on the last race every day.

The setting for the racecourse is ideal. The club has its own nursery, and all the colours associated with tropical flowers may be seen lining the concrete walks and passage-ways of the club surrounds.

* * *

DID you know that Victor McLaglen started out in life, not as an actor, but as a fighter? In 1906 he fought world's heavyweight champion Jack Johnson and he kept right on fighting until 1920 when he gave up the ring in favour of the screen. And years later Victor McLaglen was more famous as an actor than he'd ever been as a pug—for he, too, won an A.A. "Oscar."

* * *

ANNUALLY the Automobile Club of Europe, used to stage a grueling 1,500-mile cross-country race, and in 1934 a few folks shuddered and a lot of people snickered when

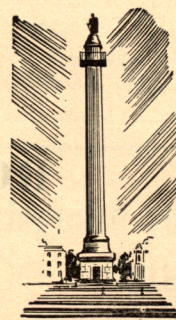
a woman announced that she would drive in this breakneck competition. But, amazingly, she was unhurt and she finished the race.

But this woman wasn't only a race driver; she was the most versatile sportswoman in Europe. She was a champion at skiing, tennis and swimming. She was such a champion, in fact, that she went into professional sports and as the greatest figure-skating champion in history she earned herself a fortune of several millions of dollars.

However, to the people of the world she's not as famous as an athlete as she is as a glamorous film star — Sonja Henie.

* * *

BILLIARDS players can take a cue from Walter Lindrum when it comes to scoring centuries. Recently he made a 100-break in 41 seconds, five seconds faster than the world record, also — incidentally — held by Walter Lindrum.



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Pittwater Regatta is one of Sydney's highlights in aquatics. This annual event attracts the tops in the sport apart from the best yachts and all sailing craft. Magnificent surrounding country has been lauded by visitors from overseas and the foreshores are akin to a fashion parade with the feminine sex. The scene is set about 30 miles by road from Sydney G.P.O. and much of the finest water scenery of this State is viewed en route.

Jeffery Farnol's Boxing Masterpieces

Epics of the Fancy

When Sayers fought the Tipton "Slasher" . . . Grandfather and his Gallant Bets . . . This was a Fight Between David and Goliath, Between Hercules and a Mote . . . Yet the Mote Won.

THE steamer which is to bear us—a miserable, petty affair, to our modern thinking—is tumbling and tossing in manner most violent and alarming. But does grandfather hesitate? Not for a single moment! Aboard he goes, and we (perforce) with him.

The paddle-wheels churn and the little vessel plunges forth into the teeth of the ever-rising gale. For hours, it seems, we roll and pitch until grandfather and divers other gentlemen amateurs grow pallid, become agitated, and pay dire tribute to Neptune. . . .

Land appears, a desolate tract, and, buffeted by wind and wave, drenched with spray, we get ashore; a ring is formed, the fight is about to begin, when—behold a troop of constables, and it is up stakes and back to the boats, helter-skelter. . . . Can you wonder if grandfather, that mightily respected and most gentlemanly citizen swears?

So again we roll and pitch amid tumbling seas, and so to a small island; ensues a second drenching debarkation, and, miserably shivering in the piercing wind, we wait while another ring is prepared as hurriedly as possible in fear of more interruption. The storm-lashed crowd is lapped (as it were) in a mournful silence—and no wonder.

"Ridiculous"

Even grandfather, that hardy sportsman, glooms beneath dripping hat while his noble Dundreary whiskers, those elegant adornments (grandmother's pride) are hoary with brine and droop in the utmost dejection. . . .

But—ha! the men are in the ring at last, and bodily misery is forgotten awhile. Yes, the combatants are facing each other and the contrast between them is so amazing as to evoke exclamations from all spectators, and bring them on tip-toe with expectation.

"Ridiculous!" exclaims a gentleman with fierce eyebrows, elbowing grandfather to get a better view.

"Not at all, sir," retorts grandfather, stoutly, elbowing in turn.

"I say it's a horse to a hen on the 'Slasher,'" says the gentleman, his eyebrows ferocious.

And truly Tom Sayers seems a puny boy in comparison with his mighty "Slasher," who towers above him a veritable Hercules, though his splendid shape is marred by his famous K leg which bends inward at

the knee; but from the middle up he is magnificent, broad in the shoulder, deep in the chest, with long, powerful arms and a fist that is, in every sense, a true mauley.

Yet Tom, the audacious, views his gigantic opponent smilingly serene; indeed, so assured is he that he has invested nearly all he possesses in bets upon himself.

"Look at 'em!" exclaims the gentleman, knitting fierce eyebrows at grandfather. "I tell ye, 'tis a guinea to a gooseberry on the Tipton 'Slasher,' sir."

"On the contrary, sir," says grandfather, and though voice is mild and manner perfectly gentlemanly, his briny whiskers wear a slightly aggressive air.

"Will you back your belief, sir?" Grandfather bows.

"Dare you say five guineas, sir?" inquires the gentleman.

Grandfather's eloquent whiskers appear to stiffen slightly as he smiles a little grimly: "I'll begin with ten, sir."

"Done, sir!" says the gentleman, booking the bet with ferocious pencil.

Time is Called

And now "Time!" is called. Clenching his fists, Tom Sayers advances against the redoubtable "Slasher" whose terrible mauleys have already vanquished a Yankee Colossus, Freeman, who stood nearly 7 ft. high and weighed 18 stone.

But what is this to indomitable Tom, who, all unawed by the "Slasher's" fame and size, trips cheerily to battle, firmly believing that Tom Sayers is a match for anything on two legs.

Now, it is supposed that Tom's calm assurance angered the mighty "Slasher" so that, changing his pre-



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concerted plan, instead of awaiting attack, he plunged into the fray, long arms aswing, to finish the "little 'un" out of hand.

But Tom avoids him, ducks, dodges, slips, and falls, though he is up in a moment, with the "Slasher" after him. The "Slasher" instantly whips a light blow to the skull, Tom falls, and the "Slasher" retires, smiling grimly.

"And what d'ye say to that, sir?" demands the gentleman, eyebrows cocked. Grandfather glances at them, and his whiskers quiver per-

his terrible left and right, while Tom, using his wonderful legs, dodges and ducks, shifting his ground with amazing quickness.

So the "Slasher" slashes his best and beats the air, and Tom laughs and dances here and there until, suddenly, the "Slasher" reaches him with a terrific blow that smacks loud upon his ribs. But, like lightning, Tom counters, driving a flush hit to the champion's mouth so hard that blood squirts and the cry goes up, "First blood to Tom Sayers!"

This but stings the "Slasher" to

ing arms, whipping in swift, hard blows, and gliding away again,

But the "Slasher" charges him again, and presently gets one in on Tom's cheek, though not heavily. And now some pretty work is shown by each. The "Slasher," it seems, has plenty of science if he will but use it.

Tom feints, tries with a double, but the "Slasher," stopping him cleverly, gets home on Tom's ribs, and they fight a fierce rally, exchanging blow for blow. Tom gets in one on the "Slasher's" eye; the "Slasher"



"Sons of Matthew" is really an all Australian picture, for all facets, story, direction and players are native born. The story tells of five sons, as shown, who pioneered a destiny in a land of promised fulfillment. They were Shane, Barney, Luke, Terry and Mickey O'Riordan. Their struggle to conquer the vast jungle area, the love for one woman by two brothers, the adventure of discovering new untamed lands, make up this Australian story. The entire cast includes Michael Pate, Wendy Gibb, John O'Malley, Thelma Scott, Ken Wayne, Tommy Burns, John Ewart and John Unicomb. The picture was jointly produced by Greater Union Theatres and Universal International Pictures.

ceptibly ere he answers, "Twenty guineas, sir!" The gentleman nods, books it, and—the second round begins; such a round as is to prove one of the most remarkable ever fought, first because it lasts for nearly half-an-hour, and then again because—well, watch and see!

For it is David and Goliath, it is tiger and elephant! The "Slasher," champion and veteran fighter, despite the advice of his backers to fight as he has planned, being full of an over-weening confidence, charges his elusive opponent again and again, letting go rapidly with

greater fury, and, boring in, he answers with a terrible upper cut which should have lifted Tom clear out of the ring; but the nimble fellow senses it in time, dodges away, leaps in and spansks another blow on the "Slasher's" bleeding nose.

Thereupon, the "Slasher," veteran fighter though he is, loses his head, and, smarting with pain, cursing the little devil who thus smites and eludes him, chases Tom all round the ring—which, of course, is what Tom desires.

So Tom runs, Tom skips, Tom ducks beneath the "Slasher's" whirl-

answers with a flush hit on Tom's mouth.

Time and again the "Slasher" shows great cleverness in stopping Tom's cunning leads, but his returns are wide, his round-arm swings are slow. Tom feints, drives in his left, cutting open the "Slasher's" cheek, and presently hits him there again until the champion's face is a smother of blood—so much so that, after a few more exchanges, he returns to have his face sponged and mouth washed out; to think awhile and promise his seconds to wait for Tom to open the attack.

Here . . . There . . . and Everywhere

WATER UPSIDE DOWN

IS it true that water flowing through a bath-plug hole in Australia spins in the opposite direction to water in a British bath-plug?

Theoretically, yes. Although we do not notice it, the earth is spinning rapidly upon its axis. A bath in Australia is spinning in the reverse position to one in England. Although the actual spinning of the bath is slight, the water in England should be spinning in the opposite direction to the one in Australia. The conditions have to be perfect for this to happen. The water must be absolutely still, as with the slightest motion it is liable to spin in either direction. To achieve this condition is about as difficult as to make a pin stand on its point.

AFTER YOU, SIR!

HAS there ever been an incident of extreme politeness in war?

Well, here's one for the book. At the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, the

combined armies of Britain and Hanover were lined up against the French, in those days our bitter foes. However, before the fight began, Lord Charles Hay, a British officer, took off his hat and called for three cheers for the enemy. Then he toasted them with his flask, and asked them if they would care to fire the first volley. They, with all gallantry, refused, and the British fired, inflicting heavy casualties on the French, who broke and fled.

CLOWN KISSES P.M.

UNITED STATES news magazine "Time" printed a picture of the British Prime Minister being kissed on the head by a clown at an ice-skating show in London. "Time" tells the story:

"Howard Sullivan, of Escanaba, Mich., is a skating comic. As part of his act he was supposed to plant a friendly clownish kiss on the bald pate of some mild, inoffensive-looking man in the front stalls. While the band played Waltz Me Around Again,

Willie, Sullivan skated up to a promising-looking customer, unwittingly kissed the head of Prime Minister Clement Attlee. Attlee grimaced, scrubbed furiously at the lip-stick. Comic Sullivan realised his gaffe too late, fled to his dressing-room begging anonymity. At the request of the management, news pictures of the kiss were not used in any British papers."

An English writer comments: There was no question of the picture not being used by British newspapers. It was not circulated to Fleet Street. I saw the incident, did not report it at the time for two reasons:

(1) When the clown danced over an American agency cameraman was already waiting beside Attlee's seat, let off his flash bulb as the kiss was given. Was that an accident, too?

(2) The incident, which "Time" calls "distressing," was an affront to the British Prime Minister and should not have been permitted.

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Number System : Test of Pedigree

Article by John Schofield in the "Sunday Herald" is republished here in part. He wrote that investigations last century by the Australian thoroughbred expert, Bruce Lowe, evolved a system which to-day is recognised the world over as a valuable guide to pedigree.

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, Bruce Lowe wrote: "After 20 years' criticism of the figure system by Mr. Frank Reynolds and myself, we are every day more convinced of its great value as a test or key to pedigree."

At the time Lowe had launched, through William Allison, of the London "Sportsman," his theories based on research he had made in conjunction with Mr. Reynolds, then owner of the famous Tocal Stud, near Maitland, N.S.W.

To-day Bruce Lowe's "family number" system is in widespread use.

Numbers to be found in brackets after the name of horses listed in catalogues and in stud announcements tell breeders at a glance the origin in female descent of the various individuals.

For instance, Delta (1) means that tracing back to the earliest of authentically recorded pedigrees the Victoria Derby winner springs in direct female descent from Tregonwell's Natural Barb mare.

Playboy (2) means the A.J.C. Derby winner traces back, similarly, to Burton's Barb mare.

And so you would go back through 43 families, as they stood when Lowe's work was published, or to 51 as they now stand in Keylock's Tables, which also lists 22 families which have not a distinguishing number.

Bruce Lowe's conclusions and investigations are summarised this way:—

1. That out of about 100 original mares constituting the foundation of the English thoroughbred, only about 50 are represented to-day (1895).

2. That out of the surviving families not more than about 20 play an important part in modern pedigrees, and only about nine or 10 of the 20 appear to be indispensable in first-class pedigrees.

3. That the progeny of three families have practically run a dead-heat

in the English classic winnings of Derby, Oaks, and Leger, namely Nos. 1, 2 and 3. These three, with Nos. 4 and 5, represent the running (female) element, vital force in pedigree, but (with the exception of 3) are not successful as sire lines, which are confined to Nos. 3, 8, 11, 12 and 14.

4. That no horse has been a marked success as a sire unless descended directly from the 3, 8, 11, 12, or 14 families, or inbred strongly to them. That where there has been any exception to this rule, he has only succeeded by having the sire element strong in his mates.

5. That no pedigree of any great horse of modern days can be found without some of the running and sire lines in the three top removes.

Good Males

6. That good males are bred by returning strongly the best strains of blood on dams' side of stallions' pedigree and the reverse rule holds good if good females are desired.

7. That the bulk of evidence is in favour of comparatively outbred stallions being superior to inbred ones, while the reverse holds good of mares, because in a state of nature the females of the herd must, of necessity, be more inbred than the male; hence the natural law of compensation.

8. That phenomenal horses mostly have some incestuous inbreeding at three or four removes on side of dam or sire, with a strain of similar blood on opposite side of pedigree to nick with same.

9. That, if the first mating of sire and dam produces a high-class racehorse, the mare at once should be bred to some other horse of an opposite strain of blood for a couple of seasons, and then put back to the original stallion. Similarly, if the first result is promising in appearance, but not a high-class performer, the mating should be continued for three or four years, pro-

vided other conditions, as mentioned above, are complied with.

As do breeders the world over, Lowe said the only true test was the racecourse.

His dictum was that there was little sense in making a mating so that a certain stallion appeared in the desired position of a pedigree if the breeder neglected to take cognisance of the winning status of the other families.

Lowe's figure system was derived from the "statistical results of the three great English classics—Derby, Oaks and Leger—since their inauguration in 1777, 1779, and 1780."

Having traced the winners to their foundation mares he allotted the family a number in accordance with the success of the family representatives in the three races.

And in his research into the individual pedigrees he evolved the theory that certain of the families were essentially feminine; others were masculine; and one—No. 3, the most valuable, in his opinion—produced great females and males.

Moreover he believed that only nine families were indispensable in the pedigree of any first-class horse of his day.

They were Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, representing feminine families, and 3, 8, 11, 12, and 14, representing masculine families.

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JANUARY

Tattersall's Club	Mon.	2
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	7
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	14
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	21
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	28
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	30

MAY

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	6
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	13
(At Randwick)		
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	20
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	27
(At Canterbury Park)		

SEPTEMBER

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	2
(At Canterbury Park)		
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	9
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	16
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	23
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	30

FEBRUARY

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	4
(At Rosehill)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	11
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	18
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	25
(At Canterbury Park)		

JUNE

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	3
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	10
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	12
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	17
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	24
(At Randwick)		

OCTOBER

Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	2
Australian Jockey Club	Wed.	4
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	7
City Tattersall's Club	Sat.	14
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	21
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	28
(At Moorefield)		

MARCH

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	4
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	11
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	18
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	25
(At Rosehill)		

JULY

Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	1
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	8
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	15
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	22
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	29
(At Rosehill)		

NOVEMBER

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	4
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	11
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	18
(At Randwick)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	25
(At Randwick)		

APRIL

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	1
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	8
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	10
Australian Jockey Club	Wed.	12
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	15
City Tattersall's Club	Sat.	22
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	29
(At Rosehill)		

AUGUST

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	5
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Mon.	7
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	12
(At Canterbury Park)		
Hawkesbury Racing Club	Sat.	19
(At Rosehill)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	26
(At Randwick)		

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	2
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	9
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	16
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	23
Australian Jockey Club	Tues.	26
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	30
(At Randwick)		

AN Arab and his camel are inseparable. It's been said that an Arab would give up his wife rather than give up his camel. Personally, I haven't got a camel, but I think it's a great idea—Groucho Marx.

* * *

SHE: "How sweet of you to back the horse because it had the same name as mine."

He: "It had the same habits, too. It got there half an hour late."

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AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

ANNIVERSARY MEETING

(Randwick Racecourse)

January 28 and 30, 1950

Principal Events:

First Day: Saturday, 28th January

THE CHALLENGE STAKES — £2,000 Added

Six Furlongs

•

Second Day: Monday, 30th January

THE ANNIVERSARY HANDICAP — £2,500 Added

One Mile and a Half

•

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN, Secretary.